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SOCIETY.

FOR THE RUTLAND HERALD.

LINES.

Sons will set, moons will wane,
Yet they rise and set again;
Forests the winter storm subdue,
Yet Spring their leafy shade renew;

To ebb and flow, is the Ocean's lot;
But Man down, and rises not;
And all earthly things shall pass away,
Ere shall awake, his slumbering clay.

Vessels, at sea, to havens steer;
Paths denote habitations near;
Rivers flow on into the main,
In vapor, return to the fount again.—
The final end of which is known,
Man—no darkness goes alone,
And death and mystery,
Vail his future destiny.

Rivers their boundaries overflow,
And make sweet vegetation grow;
The dew descending on the hills,
Life into Nature's veins instills,
And as it on the parched mead falls,
Its fading loveliness, it recalls;—
But man alone sheds tears of pain—
Weeps—but yet he weeps in vain!

[E. S. H.]

Wallingford, March, 1837.

MORALS.

From the Journal of Public Morals
A BROTHER'S GIFT;

OR LETTERS TO A SISTER, BY A BROTHER.

Female Education.

Dear Sister—From the extensiveness of female influence I have inferred, 1st. The great responsibility of woman; and, 2d. The importance of female purity. Another inference also suggests itself. To this I shall now call your attention. It is this:

3d. From what has been said of female influence I infer, the importance of Female Education.

It is important that females be educated, *well and rightly educated*, that their influence *may be of the right kind*, and that they may know how to use their influence to the best advantage. It is important for themselves, for their husbands and children, for their associates, and for society at large. Without education a woman is unfit for a companion, a wife, or a mother. She may be beautiful, but she can please but for a moment; for her beauty is perishable, and will soon fade away. If her understanding be not improved, her beautiful face cannot conceal the deformity of her mind.

Her mind! yes—woman has a mind—a mind of angelic mould. Her intellectual powers are scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of the sterner sex—and why has she such a mind? Why did God bestow upon her such an intellect? Why has he made her capable of climbing the hill of science? of traversing the field of knowledge? of calling the flowers of literature? Surely not that these noble and exalted gifts should be neglected; these talents buried in the rubbish of ignorance, or wasted in the pursuit of vanity. God has formed nothing in vain. When he endowed woman with almost an angel's powers, he designed these powers should be cultivated. And cultivated they should be, just as extensively as they can, that she may be qualified to discharge, with honor to herself—to the glory of God and the good of the world—the arduous duties devolving upon her.

Yet, strange as it may seem, custom—that power more potent than law—custom has imposed an almost insuperable barrier to the education of woman. While the means of education have been provided in profusion for the other sex, almost nothing has been done for the cultivation of female intellect. As the diamond beneath the sand, so the mind of woman has been suffered to lie unpolished, unimproved. Its beauties have been hid; its worth unknown. Yet some females have broken over all the restraints imposed by custom and a correct public sentiment, and urged their way to intellectual eminence. The names of some of your sex now, and will ever shine as bright as stars in the constellation of the learned. They are ornaments to their sex, and blessings to the world. Long will their memory be cherished—yes, they shall be had in everlasting remembrance. But when a female has thus surmounted every difficulty which besets her path, and become eminent in the literary world, she has, not unfrequently, been looked upon as a wandering star which has forsaken its orbit, glorious indeed, but entirely out of place. To stem the tide of popular opinion, under such circumstances, has required the fortitude of a hero and the constancy of a martyr. No marvel that comparatively few have ventured the unequal contest. The greater honor to these few. Their triumph has been greater; their victory more complete.—Let the incense of our admiration be given them. Let their memory be blessed.

The fact is, public sentiment, in relation to female education, has been, and to a great extent, still is, wrong—very wrong. How prevalent has the notion been, and how prevalent is it still, that women need but little learning, unless they expect to be teachers. If a young lady can read and write, cipher a little, and knows a little grammar, why this will do very well for a foundation; and then a smattering of painting, music, dancing, &c. finishes the fabric of her education! How ill qualified is a woman thus educated, to fit the high sphere in which God designed her to move! How ill qualified to discharge the important duties constantly devolving upon her! Public sentiment must be corrected before the mind of woman shall receive all the attention which its noble birth, its important destiny, and the responsibility resting upon its professor, demand. May that correction be speedily begun and triumphant in its progress and results!

The present system of female education is defective. It is too much outside. It is hollow within. It is rotten at the core. It studies ornament more than utility. It seems to regard women only as play-things. It dresses them up that they may catch the smiles of the other sex, and perhaps catch a husband! It fosters pride and vanity in the fair ones, and surrounds them with snubs and temptations. It endangers their virtue. Pardon me when I make this serious charge. I believe it true. It does not strengthen them where they are weak; but exposes them where they are most vulnerable. It opens their ear to flattery, and exposes them to temptations which many are unable to resist. By those arts and ornaments which it teaches, (almost to the neglect of every valuable,) it brings around them the gay, the vain, the corrupt, and unprincipled, by whom they are flattered, deceived and ruined. O, how many have thus fallen to rise no more; and have said each one, as their lamps have gone out in darkness, *'Thus my example!* This is their epitaph. Let it sink deep into your heart—*Such is my example!*

Not only must public sentiment and custom, in regard to female education be changed; but the system itself must be corrected. The substance must be regarded more; the shadow less. More attention must be paid to the cultivation of the heart, as well as of the intellect. The system needs new modeling. Utility must be its basis, and not ornament. Institutions for the education of women on gospel principles, must be founded and endowed. Why should not the means of education for our daughters, be as rich and abundant as for our sons? But alas! how disproportioned are they now! This evil must be corrected. How else can we preserve female purity! Yet how important that it be preserved!

Certainly knowledge can do a woman no harm. It may be said, it will make her vain. I deny the charge. The present defective system of education produces this effect. It matures vanity. The only way to correct this evil is to correct the system. Ignorance, or a smattering of knowledge, is the parent of vanity. A thorough education, based on true principles, will eradicate this foul weed.

It may be said, The pursuit of knowledge will interfere with the duties of women. No more so than in regard to the other sex. Knowledge will assist them in all their duties.

It will also assist them in estimating truly men and things. Thus it will deliver them from many temptations, and strengthen their virtuous principles. In their leisure hours, too, it will afford a rational gratification. *They will be always near—always at hand.* A cultivated mind can ever find pleasure in literary pursuits—in reading and meditation.

It is gratifying to see any improvement in the system of female education; and any change in custom and public sentiment in regard to this vitally important subject. Female education receives more attention than formerly. Much more than formerly is done in this matter. A brighter day for your sex is approaching. As the religion of Christ widens, and extends, and deepens in its influence, this day will approach; for it is the gospel of Christ that woman is indebted for her privileges. The Bible is the charter of her rights. Pantheism and Mahomedanism treat woman as a slave; Christianity as an equal, a companion, a help-mate for man. How highly, then, should you prize this religion! how concerned should you be to extend its influence! how devoted to its interests! how obedient to all its commandments and ordinances! As it advances in the conquest of the world, the day of your redemption—the redemption of your sex—from the bonds of custom and ignorance, approaches. Already the dawn of that day has come. Over the gloomy hills of darkness, ignorance, and sin, the gleamings of its rising suns are seen. A thousand female minds, already disenthralled, welcome its approach. When the sun attains its meridian, and sheds around its glorious effulgence, the glad earth will keep a jubilee!

From the Northampton Courier.

THE EYE—THE TONGUE—THE EAR. That individual who enjoys his several senses, vigorous and unimpaired, has but poor conceptions of the sufferings of those who cannot claim exemption from disordered or vitiated organs.

The eye, the mirror of the emotions which speak out from the heart with an eloquence beyond the power of language to convey, and which reflect upon the mind the most exquisitely pleasurable sensation from external objects—how painfully this contrasts with sightless eyeballs, imaging nothing but darkness upon the mind and desolation to the senses.

The tongue, which utters what the feelings dictate and the heart inspires—which is persuasively at one moment, subduing and tranquillizing at another; which elevates with joy to-day, and thrillingly touches the heart and assuages its grief to-morrow—how cheering when its powers of utterance are palied, and its capacities remain unknown and unappreciated. What a cloud of wretchedness it must throw around the mind to think that its brilliant emotions and vivid and glowing conceptions are never to be communicated to others or disclosed by that eloquent organ, the tongue.

He who has thus surmounted every difficulty which besets her path, and become eminent in the literary world, she has, not unfrequently, been looked upon as a wandering star which has forsaken its orbit, glorious indeed, but entirely out of place.

to mislead, has no right to say this is a sad world, or mournfully think it a vale of tears.

THE INDUSTRY OF NATURE. "Industry is the visible friend of happiness and virtue. It adapts the gifts of the Creator to the ends which he designed. We are exhorted to it by the examples and analogies of nature."

The little rill hastens onward to the broader stream, cheering the flowers on its margin, and singing to the pebbles in their bed. The river rushes to the sea, dispensing, on a broader scale, fertility and beauty. Ocean, receiving his thousand tributary streams, and rolling his thunder-bursting waves to their white-winged messengers which promote the comfort and wealth of man, and act as envoys between remote climes. In the secret bosom of the earth, the little heart of the committed seed quiesces, circulation commences, the slender radicles expand, the new-born plant lifts a timid eye to the sun-beam—the blossoms diffuse odor—the grain warms for the respiration—the tree perfects its fruit. Nature is never idle.

Lessons of industry come also from insect teachers, from the winged chemist in the bell of the hyacinth, and the political economist hearing the kernel of corn to its subterranean magazine. * * * * The bird gathers food for itself, and for its helpless cubs, with song of love; or spreading a migratory wing, hangs its slight architecture on the palm-branch of Africa, the windswept and scanty foliage of the acacia, or the slender, sky-piercing minaret of the Mosque. *

Mrs Sigourney's letters.

MISCELLANY.

From the New York Mirror.

AN OLD MAID OF NINETEEN.

A SOLILOQUY.

Heigho! This very day, I am nineteen! What an alarming fact! What a green old age! Nineteen winters have left their snows upon my forehead nineteen summers their withered roses on my cheeks. The crow's-feet, I fear, have made their abominable appearance; the wrinkles begin their detestable ravages! Oh! that hateful looking-glass! it surely makes me look older than I really am. I'll get another. But it's no use. I cannot conceal the alarming fact that I am nineteen! And how time slips away; how the false world changes!

Well—all sublunary joys are transitory; but, *my own case!* Just imagine my distressing plight—nineteen and an old maid! I am getting subject to the rheumatism; I am quite a martyr to the toothache, and am beginning to fancy it is the tick doloreux. Certainly, it is very dolorous to me. All things were different when I was young. But those delightful days are gone—gone for ever; and I am left a solitary old maid to pine in loneliness over my forlorn and deserted condition, to muse on the vanity, disappointment and utter worthlessness of this heartless world, and sing with the poet—

"For great and small are hollow all,

All hollow, hollow, hollow!"

But for me, in whose breast the milk of human kindness is not turned to the gall of bitterness, and who still look upon my unfortunate fellow-creatures (at least upon those who do not, like me, enjoy the superlative blessings of celibacy) with eyes beaming with pity, tenderness and compassion, there is one pitiful and frightful circumstance which has caused me much uneasiness and conjecture; the more, as to my terror and consternation, I feel some of the symptoms of the disease myself.

The hearts of this generation are becoming ossified! And whether we are to become stone-lions, flat steam-engines, or walking statues without souls, is a problem which, though causing me infinite anxiety and profound meditation, I yet have been totally unable to solve. What is it that causes the difference between this generation and their ancestors? In the olden time knights and chevaliers fell in loves at first sight; and, if we may believe historians, this sentiment was not the mere transient feeling of an hour, but the cherished principle of life. Now the descendants of these knights and chevaliers are inoculated in sugar, indigo, cotton, and tobacco speculations; sealed up in bank stocks, smothered in bales of silk and cargoes of tea, blind to all the alleviations of beauty, and deaf to the voice of the consumer, *ceteris paribus*—and so, if their industrial minds are allowed any relaxation, it is merely a speculation on the probability of a railroad to Australia, or a canal to the Pacific Ocean! And why this neglect?

Simply not because the beauty of our sex has deteriorated—for it is acknowledged that the more the mind of a woman becomes elevated by knowledge and cultivation, the same proportion does the style of her countenance become more elevated and intellectual. And it is an equally admitted fact, that (to quote the expression of one of my own happy sisters) the manners of that age might go to school to the ladies of this! Why, then, this apathy? No reason can be assigned but that newly discovered disease, the galvanization of the heart. I do verily believe that if an angel, in all the sublimity and transcendent beauty of her heavenly birth, were to enter the simple counting-house of one of our money-getting citizens, he would merely inquire if she came to purchase brown sugar, brandy, or some other article in the way of his vocation, and if she did not, he would return to his accounts utterly regardless of his celestial visitant.

Such are the degenerate descendants of our chivalric and susceptible forefathers. But my lamentations do not altogether proceed from my overflowing benevolence to the human race. Little would it minister to me were all the dames in the city, nay, in the world, to be allowed to sit in solitude, weeping tears over their disappointed miseries—to fall like me into the *seas* and yellow leaf-like me doomed to lead the apes they loved on earth in the dark regions of Pluto. As I have just said, little matter would this be to me; for, in my poor judgment, the greater part of them would be much happier single than double. But my alarm and amazement are principally excited by the discovery, which I can no longer conceal—that

I participate in the general affliction—that we least of all undergo the process of civilization! To this distressing acknowledgment I am impelled by the conviction that the more I know of this petrifying sin, the greater becomes my indifference to the other sex—and that not certainly from any want of warmth in my temperament, for

From the brilliant suns of a southern sky.

One eye caught us both, my cheek to thy.

Or, in plain words, I am a native of that most fiery and independent little state, called South Carolina, and it is my firm belief and opinion, that then and there, that is to say, at the time of my birth in the above mentioned combustible country, there did infect themselves into my composition some slight sparks of that fire for which its children are so famous.

The society of young men is to my now

matured judgment no longer agreeable, for they

seem to have contracted an impediment in their speech which hinders them from uttering anything but monosyllables and short sentences, except in

the way of business, unless it may be now and then a dash of politics, sometimes most wofully seasoned;

as to the old I cannot say that they exactly suit my taste. When I was young, and reflected

on these (now to me worthless) matters, I used to consider thirty as the acme of matrimonial bliss,

but that dream is over, for in a man of the world,

my suspicious disposition could repose no trust;

and love without confidence is the day without the sun, the flower without the perfume. In short, after fitting and mature deliberation, I have arrived at a conclusion which I cannot but consider as a most condemnatory and finished piece of wisdom namely, that they who enjoy the blessings of singleness of spirit, follow my illustrious example and remain so still, for who that has breathed the spirit of liberty, would fling himself beneath despite chains! Love no longer exists here; he was once, it is true, a little boy, but heathen gods, like men, must one day grow old, and the earth with age becoming wan, poor Love began to feel his wings growing feeble, and his hand not so able to point his arrows as correctly, or shake the seeds of time as fast as he used to do, therefore, he resigned his sceptre to Fashion and fled to heaven; whither, sweet sisters, let us follow him!

Alas! I foreseen that my warning voice will find but few listeners. Roll on, then, vain world, and fling beneath the wheels of your triumphal car the virgins who will so madly reject the sweets of eternity for the meisons of Hymen. Roll on, and my sweet sisterhood will tread the path to heaven together.

From the New-York Register.

ARISTOCRACY.

We copy the paragraph annexed from the New York American. The remarks of the writer are very just. It is ridiculous to talk about aristocracy in a country like this, where scarcely one man in a million can trace his ancestry up beyond his grandfather, without finding himself descended from a common laborer. The aristocracy of office-holders is the only aristocracy to be dredged in this country. Ninety-nine hundredths of the wealthy men in the United States, by their own industry and frugality, have made their own fortunes by work and saving. Here and there an individual may be found who, by a lucky speculation, or some other fortunate achievement which depended upon neither talents, industry, nor personal worth, has obtained an independent property at a stroke, for which most of the world labor during a large part of their lives. But the sight is very rare. The rich in this country in general, are those who, by incessant labor, and by strict economy, have accumulated the means whereby, in their latter years, they could live upon former earnings. There is no occupation that will not terminate in wealth by this course, whereas he who spends as he goes lives well and dies poor. This constitutes the great distinction between the rich and the poor in this country. There is no permanent division of classes—the poor sons of rich sires become the rich sires of poor sons; and so the wheel goes round. Anybody who doubts these facts, would learn something by turning over the public records of any old town in New England.

He will, with safety an exemption, learn that the descendants of the leading men, of four generations back are the poor of the present day; while the rich and great of this time must commonly

earn their original wealth by their descendants.

These considerations would induce us to

eschew the possession of wealth, and who among

them are set up above "the common people?"

But to our extract from the New York American:

"A most unfeigned jealousy she seems to pre-

vail in society between men-laborers and owners of

property in the lowest ranks.—The feelings of

envy, and even of hatred, seem to be in some per-

sons as strong as those of the *soi-disant* aristocracy

against the privileged classes. Such feelings are

unworthy of a country with institutions such as ours.

We cannot yet point to the family in which

wealth has remained to the third generation.

The rich old owners of real estate can be traced

at a single step to occupants of *cottages* or

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